PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.





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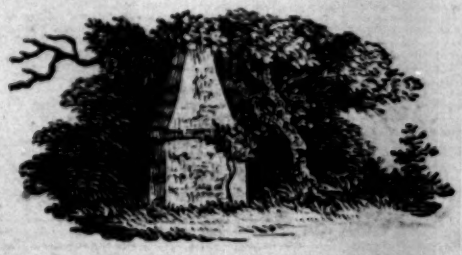


POEMS:

BY

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Compassed round
With solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east. Still govern thou my song,
URANIA! and fit audience find, though few.
Paradise Lost, B. VII. V. 27.



ALNWICK:
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LESBURY, NEAR ALNWICK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
MARCH, 4, 1800.

TO THE REVEREND WILLIAM BEVILLE.

DEAR SIR,

IT gives me a particular pleasure (which your *unassuming disposition must permit me to enjoy) to pay this publick tribute of esteem, and respect, to a gentleman of a generous heart, and of a cultivated, and elegant mind, who is* my *friend. During a long course of years, my independent spirit, through a series of adversity; and perhaps, in* your *liberal judgment, properties which are yet more flattering to self-love, have produced their usual consequences; the unrelenting frowns of power, and of it's numerous, and servile imitators, and retainers. Their hireling archers have often shot their arrows at me; they were dipped in poison; but they had no effect on the immortality of my nature: they have injured the appendages, the trappings of my existence; but they have not subdued, they have not weakened, the vigour, the exertions, the luminous images of my mind.*

During these dark, and cowardly hostilities, on the one side; and this open, and manly, though unsuccessful resistance, on the other; you *have always loved my company; you have always done far more than justice to my talents. A complete, and rather a painful knowledge of mankind, warrants me to assert, that this is uncommon social, and moral merit.*

The sentiments from which this letter flows, are not the usual motives of epistles dedicatory. They are generally addressed to the titulary *great; and interest is their main-spring. In* my *dedication, from an unfeigned, and warm heart, I pay the honours which I think are due, to the gentleman, the scholar, and the friend. Which of the two kinds of tribute affords the purer, and more lively pleasure to the votary, let the virtuous, and the good determine: the vile adulator is certainly an incompetent judge.*

For impulses of the most forcible energy, to intellectual atchievements; for the most extensive, and various information, a great metropolis hath ever been the best school; the best university; and the best inspirer of genius. This position is not, in any view, hyperbolical. Every branch of regular education may be pursued, and compleated in LONDON. *I am, at present, remote from those objects which more powerfully stimulate the mind to the acquisition of literary fame. But if there is some pain, there is not a little glory, in knowing, in feeling, that we are superiour to our situation, and in acting accordingly. For the heart-felt charms of friendship, and of elegant, and instructive society, fortitude of soul, and intellectual exercise, are not contemptible substitutes.*

I trust that this little book will reach LONDON, *and will meet with some candid, and expressive eyes there. I cannot, say, with the inconsistent* OVID,

Parve (NEC INVIDEO) sine me liber, ibis in urbem.

On account of you, *and of my dear friend, Mr* BELI EW, *I hope that I may, without impertinence, take this opportunity to present my respectful compliments to your literary society; and to request their acceptance of two copies of the productions which accompany this letter. I likewise hope that I shall yet have the honour to be connected with that society; and that, under its auspices, I shall publickly give the lectures, in the metropolis, which I have, at length, almost finished, on our great* ENGLISH POETS. *In those lectures, which are written with a perfectly independent, and free, but not with a particle of a malignant mind, I have often praised, and admired, and I have too frequently had occasion to censure, and I trust, to refute, my illustrious predecessor, Dr* JOHNSON. *The political and religious prejudices of that great man, in many instances, contaminate, and pervert his criticism. Hence, his unjust, his contemptuous treatment of several names which are consecrated to a glorious immortality. These literary antipathies are unworthy of a man; I add, with regret, that they are shameful in a philosopher. Nay, he has profaned the most exalted, the sublimest altar of our* PARNASSUS: *He has violated the* sanctum sanctorum *of the temple of* ENGLISH POETRY: *with those inconsistences, and self-contradictions, which continually discredit a man, when he is floundering through a bad cause, he has been industrious to dishonour the moral character, and the poetical*

fame of MILTON; *the greatest poet whom the world knows.*

I flatter myself that, in your *judgment, I am not fastidious; yet that in* your *judgment, I am sincere. If the liberal part of the publick should entertain this opinion of me, the task which I have undertaken will be the more happily performed. Even under the best auspices, it must contend with impediments; with the languor, and infirmities of age; with the vigour, and activity of malevolence. The difficulty of atchieving my task with tolerable success, is rendered still more awful, from my conviction that the true spirit, and taste of poetry, are almost extinct in* ENGLAND. *They who feel the beauty; they who know the fine effects of this divine art, must ardently wish that it was restored, and re-established. Of* my *inability, even to conduce materially to this great reform in the republick of letters, I am thoroughly sensible: but on* my *humble foundation, by superiour criticks a noble structure of poetical improvement may be raised. Great events have often originated from a slight momentum. In contemplating a desirable, and important object, however arduous it's attainment may be, the manly mind ought never to despair.*

The numerous productions, of late years, which contain mere versification, and rhyming, and their favourable reception with the public, are two causes of my idea of the present state of poetry in ENGLAND.

These poems exactly resemble the HERMIT OF WARKWORTH; *a tale which I read many years ago; and of which, by accident, I lately took a fresh view. The authour, with the foolish, and childish whim of an antiquarian, entitles the cantos, or divisions of his poem,* Fits. *Dr* PERCY's fits *are poetical* epilepsies.

Whenever I ought to blame, I will be free; but my heart *enjoys a subject of praise. A young native of* SCOTLAND, *whose name is* CAMPBELL, *a true son of* APOLLO, *hath arisen to reanimate, and emblaze our cold, and dreary poetical hemisphere. Read his little volume; it gives him a right to emulate the fire, the elegance, and the harmony of* POPE.

I am, dear Sir,
Your affectionate Friend,
and most obedient Servant,
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

POEMS.

THE CHORUS TO THE SECOND ACT OF *TASSO*'s *AMINTA*.*

TO LOVE.

SAY, LOVE, what master shows thy art,
That sweet improver of mankind;
Which warms with sentiment the heart,
With information stores the mind?

Whence does the soul, disdaining earth,
To ether wing it's ardent way;
Who gives the bold expressions birth,
That all it's images convey?

'Tis not to GREECE's learned soil,
The world this happy culture owes;
Which not from ARISTOTLE's toil,
Nor yet from PLATO's fancy flows.

* I translated the AMINTA in the year 1770. Many operations of time are slow; but they are ultimately sure, and permanently decisive. I hope that my translation of that beautiful poem, will, hereafter make some impression in the minds of my countrymen; when prejudice, and malignity shall be defeated by truth, and justice.

APOLLO, and the tuneful NINE
Attempt the envied song in vain;
Their numbers are not so divine
As is the lover's tender strain.

Scholastick art, the muse's lyre,
In vain their privileges boast;
The lover breathes a purer fire;
He sings the best, who feels the most.

No power above, and none below,
But, thou, O love, can thee express;
To thee thy sentiments we owe;
To thee we owe their glowing dress.

Thou canst refine the simple breast,
And to a poet raise a swain;
His humble soul by *thee* impressed,
Assumes a warm, exalted strain:

His manners take a nobler turn;
His inspiration we descry;
Upon his cheek we see it burn;
And speak, in lightning, from his eye.

With such a new ideal store,
Thy dictates fill the rustic mind;

Such oratory shepherds pour,
They leave a CICERO far behind.

Nay, to such heights *thy* powers can reach;
With thee such varied rhetorick dwells,
That even the struggling, broken speech,
The modelled period far excells.

Thy silence oft, in striking pause,
The lover's great ideas paints;
Sublime conception is it's cause;
The mind expands, but language faints:

Free, uncompressed, the thought appears,
Which words would awkwardly controul;
And nature holds our eyes, and ears;
We seem to hear, and see the soul.

The lettered youth let PLATO's page,
With generous sentiment inspire;
I'm better taught than by a Sage,
And catch a more ethereal fire.

A speedier, and a nobler aid
My virtue gains from CELIA's eyes;
By *them* more happy I am made;
And as I'm happy, I am wise.

Let the mistaken world suppose
That nature in old HOMER reigns;
Or still more blindly think she flows
In VIRGIL's cold, and laboured strains:

I carve my love upon a tree;
Scholars, consult it's faithful rind;
Throw books away; for *there* you'll see
A livelier copy of the mind.

TO EDMUND WALLER, ESQ.

Of HALL-BARN, in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, on seeing the tomb of EDMUND WALLER, the poet, in the Church-yard of BECONSFIELD, neglected, and going to ruin.

SHALT thou, from public shame exempt,
Thy reverence to this tomb refuse!
A WALLER, with profane contempt,
Dares to insult a WALLER's muse!

Whom chiefs of the fanatic train
Loved, for they felt *her* purer fire;
Whom in our GEORGE's GERMAN reign,
ENGLAND's degenerate sons admire

Yet, for the the tomb's unequal fate,
Our indignation we may spare;
The memory of the truly great
Depends not on a stupid heir.

For canst thou, parricide, destroy
The deathless force of WALLER's mind?
Canst thou his flame, his wit annoy,
Which will but die with human kind?

The glory of the poet's page
Shall brighten still, and still expand,
In spite of envy's feeble rage,
Or MAMMON's cold, tenacious hand.

Then let that page, inspired by love,
And by the muse's hallowed flame,
The merit of *dead* WALLER prove,
The *Poet's* character proclaim.

The rugged tree, with yellow tinged;
The icy monumental stone;
The iron oft with rags befringed,
With many a noxious weed o'ergrown,

While far from chance's blind controul
Great EDMUND's bays perpetual bloom,

Let *these* describe a wretch's soul,
And be the *breathing* WALLER's tomb.

Sons of low care! how long, in vain,
To *you* shall useful truth be told?
Yet hear, once more, the moral strain;
You *damn yourselves*, to *save your gold*.

BECONSFIELD, April 12th 1778.

A SONG.

DO great atchievements fire thy breast;
Do martial trophies break thy rest?
Or laurels of eternal bloom,
Like those that hallow CÆSAR's tomb?
To memory bring the fatal ball,
Perhaps not sent from FREDERICKSHALL,
Which proved the SWEDE's illustrious fame,
An air-balloon, an empty name.

Or does the bright poetic muse
To nobler glory raise your views?
Sagacious malice checks your aim,
And poverty repels your flame.

When envy with the poet dies,
His rapid fame through EUROPE flies;
But 'tis to genius, after death,
An air-balloon, an empty breath.

Or fonder of domestic life,
The lover weds a charming wife;
Anticipates unfading joys,
And gentle girls, and sprightly boys;
But female tyranny comes forth,
And throws aside fictitious worth;
The course of one revolving moon
May prove your bliss an air-balloon.

Through life, whate'er our lot, we're all
Like MONTGOLFIER's elastic ball;
We all attract admiring eyes;
The court, or village we surprize;
Now soar to some ethereal height;
Met by rude gales, now sink our flight;
To parent earth, at length, descend;
The trivial sport, and wonder end.

LONDON, Feb. 16th 1784.

In the month of November, a young lady had an elegant bouquet; it was composed of a rose, and a jasmine. A gentleman, who was in her company, pronounced the flowers artificial. She assured him that they were not; he still doubted; she plucked two or three leaves from the rose, and gave them to him; by *them* he was convinced that the nosegay was a natural one. This scene, totally uninteresting to a phlegmatic mind, suggested to a poet the following imagery.

THE RIVAL FLOWERS.

EVEN partial to a northern clime,
Where nature strews her frugal sweets,
And smiling on the poet's rhyme,
The generous FLORA slow retreats.

Fair LEONORA, dangerous maid,
Who reared, and wore, each beauteous flower,
Took, one day, for superfluous aid,
The rose's, and the jasmine's power.

CLITANDER, with adventurous choice,
To specious warfare seated nigh,
Inhaled soft musick from her voice,
Delicious poison from her eye.

CUPID, to whom all archers yield,
Perched in her breast ;——the bright bouquet
Before him glowed ; and thus concealed,
The God, in charming ambush lay.

Unseen, a small, but piercing dart,
Flew from his unrelenting bow ;
I need not tell you, that the heart
Is always reached when *he's* the foe.

Some blushing leaves, transfixed, and borne
On the dread arrow winged their way ;
Now, beyond cure, the heart was torne ;
Compleat the triumph of the day.

The fragrant foliage of the rose,
But more decisive made the wound ;
IN KENT such foliage never blows,
Nor yet on SHARON's holy ground.

Unfading flower ! the SIBYL's leaves,
Fraught with JOVE's friendship, or his hate,
As every feeling soul believes,
Were never charged with surer fate !

Oh ! dire effect of beauty's pride !
As POPE, in his immortal strain

Hath sung, the hapless lover died,
Entranced, "of aromatick pain!"

The God of keenest joys, and woes,
Exulting, to OLYMPUS flew;
And envious of the honoured *rose*,
The *jasmine* drooped, and paler grew.

TO MRS. JORDAN.

THALIA's pupil! her accomplished friend!
Whose genius eager crowds with rapture view;
Whom spirit, ease, and harmony attend;
Alike to IMOGEN, to HOYDON true:

Sometimes, even SIDDONS against grace rebels;
Sometimes to HAMPTON's fane mistakes the way;
Catches false taste; to KEMBLE's fustian swells;
Her brother;—but not born for tragick sway.

The faultless powers of the gay muse we prove,
In *thee*, chief guardian of her brilliant throne!
In thee, simplicity, and nature move;
And GARRICK, and perfection are thy own.

And if the pathos of thy varied art
Breathes in a tender interlude of song;
How the vibrations of each feeling heart
Tuned by *thy* voice, the liquid notes prolong!

Let others vocal art, extent, and tone
Applaud, while MARA's undulations roll;
My faculties a stronger influence own;—
The soft, impassioned musick of the soul.

First favourite of the drama's cheerful muse!
Her pride, in mirth; in sentiment refined;
Whose magick brightens fancy's vivid hues;
Accept the tribute of an honest mind.

Yet as fair truth by *me* was ne'er suppressed;—
—May not self love with honesty agree?
Ambition rouzes justice in my breast;
And bids me grace my poetry with thee!

For taste must ever such a theme inspire;
And were it urged with a congenial flame,
Not less the subject than the poet's fire
Would prove my talents, and ensure my fame.

LONDON, JUNE 17th, 1793.

The environs of WINDSOR compared with those of ROSS, MONMOUTH, and CHEPSTOW.

THE country about RICHMOND, and WINDSOR, is a lady of quality, with the graces, and dignity of a JUNO; and dressed for a coronation, in her robes of state. We admire, but without very *ardent* emotions, the magnificence, and the majesty of the dame. The country about ROSS, MONMOUTH, and CHEPSTOW, is a most elegant and accomplished coquette; formed, by her natural beauty, to captivate the heart; and trained to that conquest, by all the luxury of the toilet; by all the delicacy, and fascination of female art. Her formidable artillery is sure to reach its aim; she not only knows how to adjust, but how to contrast her ornaments; and by their simplicity as much as by their refinements, she meditates, and atchieves her victories. Her smiles yield unspeakable delight, and rapture; and her coldness, and her frowns have their irresistible, and decisive charms.

MONMOUTH, AUGUST 12th 1793.

THE BLUE EYE.

MARKED you her eye of heavenly blue?
Marked you her cheek of roseate hue?
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek abashed at man's approving:
The *one*, love's arrows darting round;
The *other*, blushing at the wound!

IN THE DUENNA.

AN ANSWER TO THE ENCOMIUM ON THE BLUE EYE.

FAINT are your eyes of heavenly blue,
While DELIA's eyes of jet I view;
To *those*, the colour only given,
To *these*, the fire, and force of heaven:
With rapid stroke *they* reach the heart;
They, from their liquid circles dart
(More magical *their* circles prove!)
The flame of CUPID, and of JOVE.
Her cheeks no blushes need betray,
That *man approving* owns her sway;

With rose as lenient as benign,
Need not regret that lovers pine;
To *them* denied, the leisure hour,
To *them* denied the frigid power,
With lightning, and in rapture slain,
Or to approve, or to complain,
The dread decree they do not wait;
Her look is instantaneous fate;
They heave not the *repeated* sigh;
Of *electricity* they die!

WINDSOR-GREAT PARK, NOVEMBER, 26th 1793.

. . . . . THE FIXED, AND NOBLE MIND
TURNS ALL OCCURRENCE TO IT'S OWN ADVANTAGE.

YOUNG.

The following verses were the ruling object of their author when he could not move himself, nor be moved, without agony. They were composed by several short exertions of his mind, which were interrupted by debility, or by pain. After this honest apology, they will never incur the frown of generous criticism.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO OXFORD.

FAIR seat of sages, and of bards divine!
Terrestrial residence of all the nine!
Oh! had my ardent, and aspiring youth

Felt, in *thy* hallowed groves, important truth;
Inhaled, in *them*, the God's inspiring ray;
Caught the strong thought, and waked the glowing lay;
Then, reason, fancy, happily combined,
And tuneful diction, had my verse refined:
Then would thy liberal sons have raised my fame;
And high above my merit, fixed my name.

But now, my life's, my mind's meridian o'er;
Poetick vigour, active hope, no more;
Thy shades my faint, my setting fires, receive,
Just ere our vital hemisphere they leave.
Yet, could I live, *one* effort more to make,
For verse's, and for fairer virtue's sake,
(Oh! might I fill our ancient province, *here*;
And prove, at once, a poet, and a seer!)
As no stiletto e'er appalled *my* muse,
Of dark assassins, lurking in reviews;
Haply, some verdict, of decisive praise,
Would crown my memory with perpetual bays:
OXFORD herself might mark my merit's tomb;
Restore it's life, and bid it's honours bloom.

Thus (for, like MARO's swain, an object small
I near a great one place) at DRYDEN's call,
BRITONS enamoured grew of nature's rules,
And spurned the jargon of the doating schools
(For mildews threaten, still, the laurelled brow;
And ignorance acted, then, like malice, now)
To genius, and to taste, were converts made;
With wonder MILTON's vast sublime surveyed;
Imbibed seraphick rapture from his page,
To glory rescued from a barbarous age.

MIDDLETON-STONEY, OXFORDSHIRE;
JULY *the* 10*th*, 1794.

VERSES

TO A

ROBIN-RED-BREAST, WHO SINGS EVERY MORNING,
NEAR MY BED-CHAMBER.

SWEET bird; thy music charms my rest;
It's warbling soothes my pensive breast.
Delighted fancy hears thy song
It's artless melody prolong;

For oh! when nature strikes the heart,
She leaves no trace of CRAMER's art.

Care, pain, and dire misfortune flee
The powers of MORPHEUS, and of thee;
Those powers combined, with soft controul
Diffuse ELYSIUM o'er my soul;
The sails of persecution furled,
I steer to some ideal world;
Some finer world, where ZEPHYRS breeze
Panting on aromatic trees,
Descends from æther ne'er o'ercast
With clouds that hurl the wintry blast.
There I repose in fragrant bowers,
Where FLORA crowns the glowing flowers;
Where a meandering, murmuring stream
Prompts, and improves the muse's theme:
Through shades imagination roves,
Which far exceed * ST. DIAL's groves;
Where a majestick river flows,
Disdaining all descriptive prose;
His deep, clear floods, the THAMES outvie;
His playful beauties, even the WYE.

* A country-house delightfully situated near MONMOUTH.

In this bright, visionary scene,
Our species, with angelick mien,
And friendly voice, the stranger greet;
Their virtues, as their forms, complete:
Illusive dream! in which I find
That generous actions mark mankind!

Since, then, sweet songster of the town,
Whose accents bid me sleep on down,
With numerous ills thy tuneful strife
Dispells their gloom, and gilds my life;
When BOREAS heaps our world with snow,
Come to a heart inured to woe;
Hence, quick, when miseries are displayed,
To recollect;—to feel;—to aid;
With safe, and timely pinion, fly
The wild oppression of the sky;
Fly to protectors, mild, like thee;
Compassion, and tranquillity;
Each ruffled, and each flagging plume,
With me, their health shall soon resume;
Restored from cold, from famine's pain,
Shall soon their equal gloss regain:
Thy genius we shall soon descry

In the new lustre of thine eye:
And soon shall thy harmonious throat
Pour forth, again, it's liquid note!
Who can with-hold the generous deed,
When innocence, and beauty plead?
Then, surely, for thy life, thy weal,
A poet ardently must feel!
Yes;—he will give thee all thy claim;
Present relief; and future fame!

MONMOUTH, SEPTR. 13*th*, 1794



The following epitaph I wrote for General WASHINGTON, about three years before the death of that good, and great man; whose talents and virtues I had always respected, and admired. At this moment I extremely regret that the epitaph was so soon as applicable in time as in character.

Here lies
the only part that could be changed, and corrupted,
of
GEORGE WASHINGTON;
a man, whose rare, and great accomplishments
gained an accession of splendour
from the depraved, and abandoned European age
in which he lived.
After he had saved the *British* colonies in *America* from tyranny, and slavery,
by his personal valour, and masterly knowledge of the art of war;
he long preserved them in peace, and prosperity,
by his political, moral, and religious virtues.
To dispassionate, distinguishing, and good minds,
it must be evident,
that his conduct had soared
to the utmost pitch
of
human excellence;
of which
he undoubtedly owed
not a little to himself;
yet much of it
to beings
of
very different ranks, and dispositions.
His GOD had endowed him with an uncommon rectitude of heart;
and with as uncommon a union of calmness, vigour, and elevation of mind:
And these inestimable qualities
were stimulated, and impelled,
to their full exertion, and display,
by the most iniquitous enemies,
and oppressours of his country.

AN EPITAPH ON MRS. POPE.

HERE lies *the female celebrated Young;*
Whose talents well deserve my plaintive song:
Oft with *fine fiction* she resigned her breath;
She suffered with decorum, *nature's death.*
A greater actress never trod the stage,
In comick elegance, or tragick rage.
But since the force of mind; the person's grace;
All the best honours of the human race,
Soon cease to strike the soul, and charm the eye;
Since all that flourishes but blooms to die;
Let us to virtue fix the wandering heart;
And through life's drama nobly act our part;
While conscience issues, from *her* critick laws
A verdict happier than the world's applause.

BISHOP'S-GATE: BY WINDSOR GREAT PARK:
MARCH, 20*th* 1797.

AN EPITAPH ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE.

HERE lies of BURKE the cold, inactive clay;
His soul exulting in perpetual day:
With universal genius born to shine;
All themes, at once, to strengthen, and refine;
Science, in aid of fancy, to engage;
And pour it, softened, on his ardent page.
Survey the beauties of his classick mind;
The critick leaves LONGINUS far behind.
Hear the great legislator plead the cause
Of instituted; of eternal laws;
Oppression, and rapacity submit
To matchless reason; eloquence, and wit.
See, while his thunders iron hearts assail,
The tyrants of each hemisphere turn pale!

Of private virtue by the warmth, and light,
This luminary, more serenely bright,
Beamed with descending, yet effulgent ray;
And varied thus, and beautified his day.

Hail! shade beatified! thou friend of man!
Friend of God's mortal, and immortal plan!
Thy moral fame, too strong to be withstood,
Must make our youth ambitious to be good:
Thy noble works, which guard us while we live,
Of heavenly bliss a demonstration give;
For surely minds like thine can never die;
They mount, by nature, and assert the sky;
Their glory fires us to our latest breath;
Protects, through life; and animates, in death!

DURHAM, JULY 14*th*, 1797.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A COTTAGE, IN A PICTURESQUE, AND BEAUTIFUL VALE IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

WHOE'ER thou art, from life's low joys refined;
Of nature, and the first, eternal mind
Enamoured; welcome to these modern shades;
Thy genuine worship needs no classick aids;
Nor PHŒBUS; nor the nine Aonian maids.

Objects this rude, this humble roof surround,
Which aggrandize, which consecrate the ground.

Here let thy soul it's noble scope enjoy;
And deem a palace but a childish toy.
While the descending sun attracts the sight;
The fancy charms with varied tints of light;
Or when the moon, with her inspiring ray
Beams on the poet's mind a softer day;
Then view the mead, the stream, the wood, the sky;
And paper houses with ESCURIALS vie.

Or, if thou readest here, those deathless lines,
Where the sublime that conquers HOMER shines;
While EDEN it's expanded bloom displays;
Or, to "the living throne; the sapphire blaze,"
While fancy soars, on bold, MILTONIAN wings;
Look down on lords; on ministers, and kings.

AUGUST, 29*th*, 1798.

THE NAVAL FIRST OF AUGUST, 1798.

A SONG.

YES! NELSON, the Godhead our gratitude owns;
The protector of kings; the supporter of thrones!
Our faith hears his thunder; his lightning we see,

Launched by HOWE, by ST. VINCENT, by DUNCAN,
and thee!
For as soon as the sails of our fleets are unfurled,
Glory smiles on our isle, and enlivens the world.

The worst plague of old EGYPT through thee
will HE cure;
For compared with *French freedom*, who would
not endure
Of darkness oppressive the palpable fogs;
The pelting of hailstones; the croaking of frogs?
But as soon as the sails, &c.

The TURK feels a joy, not unmingled with fear;
Down the blush of the CZAR steals of rapture a tear;
Then, ourselves the GREAT NATION we surely
might name,
Had not FRANCE's *Directors* polluted the claim.
For as soon as the sails, &c.

Ye traitors in heart, your malignity cease;
Rail no more at this war; it will dictate a peace:
But with heaven, and with earth still these wret-
ches will jar;
And infer our destruction from peace, or from war.
Yet as soon as the sails, &c.

While ingratitude chills the seditious, below;
From OLYMPUS new beams of beatitude flow;
HAWKE is proud of the laurels that NELSON hath won;
And great CHATHAM with transport looks down on his son.
For as soon as the sails of our fleets are unfurled,
Glory smiles on our isle, and enlivens the world.

DURHAM, OCTOBER, *6th*, 1798.

ON MR. WILBERFORCE'S VIEW OF RELIGION.

THOUGH long the capital my fancy charmed;
Allured my folly; my ambition warmed;
Hail, soft retirement! in degenerate days,
Of shameless guilt; of prostituted praise;
When TOPHAM's writings are admired, for wit;
When TIERNEY's pistol risks the life of PITT.

Stung with regret, an independent muse
The moral features of our senate views;
Where private passions war with publick weal;
Nor the dread warnings of religion feel;
Where LEWIS, dead to virtue's fair renown,
Corrupts, with tales obscene, a tainted town.

Yet should *one* man the legislature shame;
Behold another, to redeem their fame!
Pleased is the poet, scenes of vice to flee;
And soothe his soul, oh WILBERFORCE! with thee!
To read the lectures of THY hallowed page;
Our church's * doctrine, in a better age;

* It gave me great pleasure to read this excellent book, written by a lay gentleman in publick life; and in an age of the most licentious, and impudent infidelity. Not that I, by any means, indiscriminately, and universally, assent to it's doctrines. All the truths of religion, properly understood, are perfectly consonant with right, and eternal reason, and with humanity. Forgetting, or despising this axiom, some of it's learned friends, obstinately tenacious of intolerable absurdities, have done it as much injury as it's enemies. I believe in the TRINITY; but if I believed in it, agreeably to the faith of Mr SHARP, and Mr WILBERFORCE, I should give the lie direct to my reason; which the wisdom of God gave me for the foundation of my faith. The eternity of punishments is not necessarily deduced, from the high, oriental style of the scriptures; and I hope, laudably zealous for the equity, and the mercy of my GOD, I venture to pronounce it an impious, and a blasphemous doctrine.

The practical doctrines of some undistinguishing, and unfeeling advocates for our religion, are still more provoking to christian benevolence; because they more palpably tend to aggravate the distresses of human nature. It is one of the iron dogmas of Mrs HANNAH MORE, that a frail woman; a woman who hath made *one false step*, however sincerely, and unquestionably penitent, is not again to be admitted into reputable society. My mind is, at this moment, struck with the idea of a spiritual consanguinity between this lady, and

Even in the *worst* with gratitude he owns
That the TRUE CHRISTIAN for the MONK atones.

LESBURY: 1799.

PHILIP of SPAIN. I can say nothing worse of this doctrine, than that it is evidently, and diametrically opposite to the precepts and example of JESUS CHRIST. There is nothing new in this instance of preposterous, and barbarous rigour. Your extremely pious women, instead of real, and rational piety, have, not uncommonly, a great deal of prudery; and therefore, they are, not uncommonly, the most unmerciful tyrants to the frailties of their own sex. Do, good Mrs MORE, sit down, and seriously study, and endeavour to adopt, the true spirit of christian benevolence. Take my word for it; she is a mild, forgiving, and consoling goddess.

As you have often read the scriptures, you surely must remember our blessed master's lenient, his divine treatment of the woman who was taken in adultery; and you surely must remember a similar treatment of the woman who poured the ointment on his head, while he was entertained in the house of a gloomy, narrow-spirited Pharisee. You must remember the simple, but pathetic eloquence, with which he heightened; with which he compleated, that affecting scene. The woman was a notorious offender; but her severe, and humble repentance, obliterated her faults, in the eye of divine omniscience, and commiseration. Will you presume to tell me that the Saviour of the world would have hesitated to associate with *any* sincere, and practical penitents; though their crimes had been of the deepest dye?---no:----He would have sought, he *did* seek the company of such people. And what inferiour moral agents are our best men; nay, even our purer, and more pious women; in comparison with *his* immaculate, with his consummate virtue!

AN EPITAPH ON DAVID GARRICK.

THE frost prevailing of a barbarous age,
BŒOTIAN fogs impended on our stage;
When SHAKESPEARE's genius, with a flood of light,
Dispelled the darkness of dramatick night:
With a new blaze our skies this comet fired;
The fathers wondered;—but the sons admired.

Beneath it's influence; by it's powerful aid,
Our hearts, and minds completely were displayed;
Guilt fled, affrighted, from it's piercing ray;
But virtue courted it's propitious day.

By *him*, from nature is her sceptre torne;
Yet, on *her* plan, he peoples worlds unborn:
Hence pleased we view the monster of his Isle,
Contrasted with MIRANDA's magick smile:
The dapper elves adorn the lunar scene;
And suck the flower, or skim along the green.

But honest time must fix the poet's claim;
Must conquer malice, and perpetuate fame:
MILTON, and DRYDEN, urged the publick praise,
By POPE led captive, with seraphick lays.

Yet the first power of AVON's swan was great;
Great was his rising, his deciding fate:
His early glory fired the coldest heart;
Even BEN despised his learning, and his art;
SHAKESPEARE subdued the critick's rugged mind;
Still more victorious in an age refined,
Inspiring GARRICK, he subdued mankind.

LESBURY, OCTOBER, 2*d*, 1799.

AN EPITAPH ON A FINE, PROMISING BOY, WHO DIED, AFTER A LONG AND EXCRUCIATING ILLNESS.

SURE is the truth; though hid from mortal sight;
"Whatever is, is," ultimately, "right."
Friends may lament; but he, who early dies,
Quits earth, and misery, for the blissful skies.
He, whose existence, woes, and joys contrast,
More charming feels the present by the past.
Here lies the frame terrestrial of a boy,
Mature, through torment, for the realms of joy.
Though young, he practised his Redeemer's mind,
The prayer, pathetic, but the will, resigned:
Now purer rapture gives his soul a flow
Which unembodied spirits only know;

With *such* a rapture, 'midst the heavenly train,
He thanks his maker for his previous pain.

AN EPITAPH ON PRINCE SUWARROW.

HE, whose mean soul pollutes the name of PAUL,
With FRANCE conspiring, dooms great SUWARROW's fall;
Just when the fervour of his dauntless mind
Aspired completely to avenge mankind.
If martial glory, stung with keen distress,
Her drooping laurels views, and hints redress;
If heaven-born genius bids the man be free;
Away, with magick speed his honours flee;
Despair, with iron hand precludes relief;
He fought unconquered; but he dies with grief:
No friend repeats fair fame's harmonious breath;
No friend consoles him in the hour of death.

If despotism excites not all thy hate,
Indignant reader, think on SUWARROW's fate:
With servile adulation art thou pained?
Oh! think how ALFRED; think how *Virtue* reigned!

LESBURY, JUNE, 20*th*, 1800.

FINIS.